



THE PUNISHER

EDMONDSON • GERADS

#1

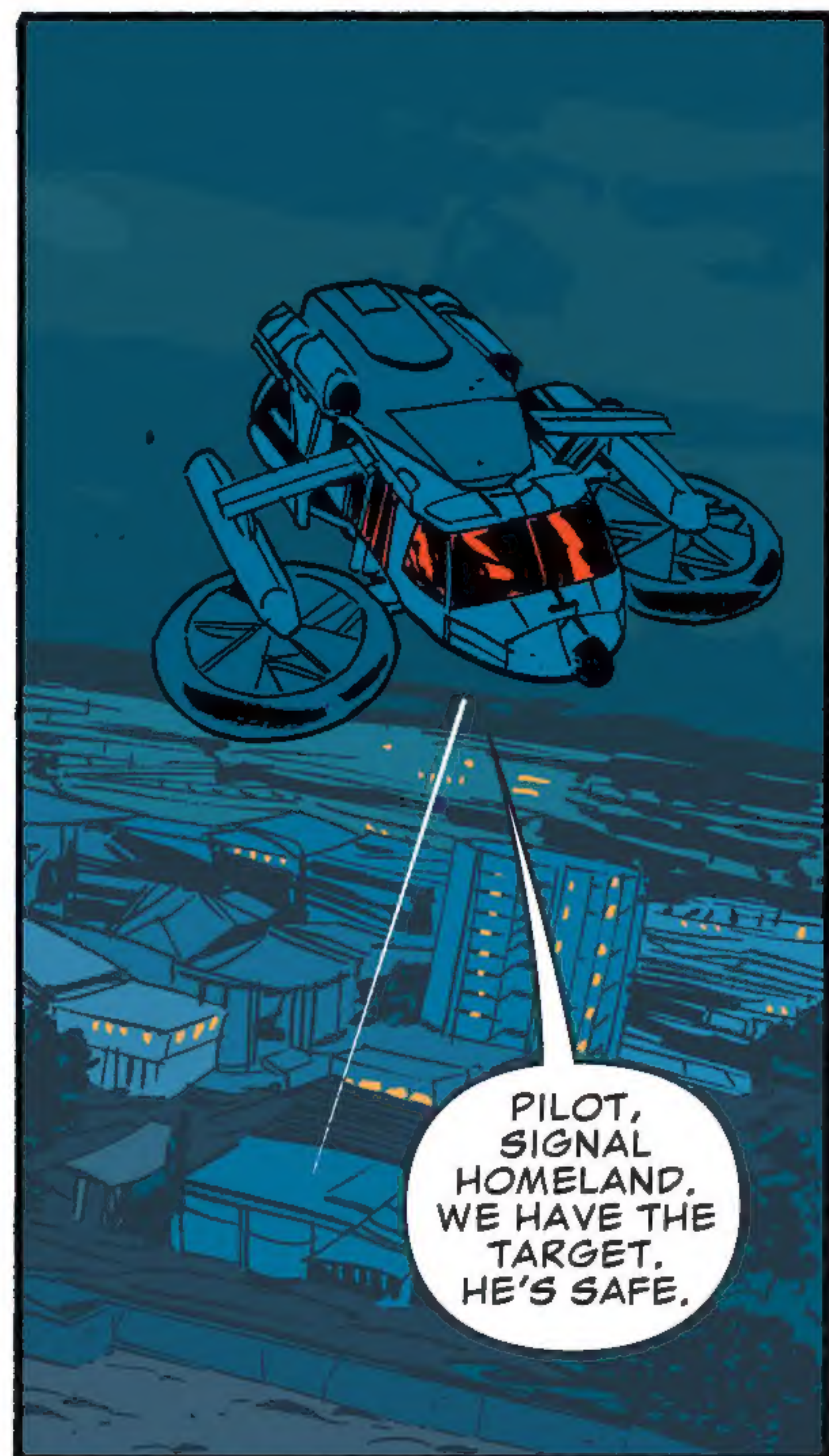
ALL-NEW
MARVEL
NOW!

AR

001

TOGO.
NEAR THE GHANA BORDER.





LA TOVARA RIVER, MEXICO.



PAIN IS
DROWNING.

YOU CAN STRUGGLE
AGAINST IT, YOU CAN
KICK AND YOU CAN
SCREAM. YOUR
LUNGS WILL FILL UP
WITH WATER...

THE ONLY RELIEF
IS TO FIND WHICH
WAY IS UP...

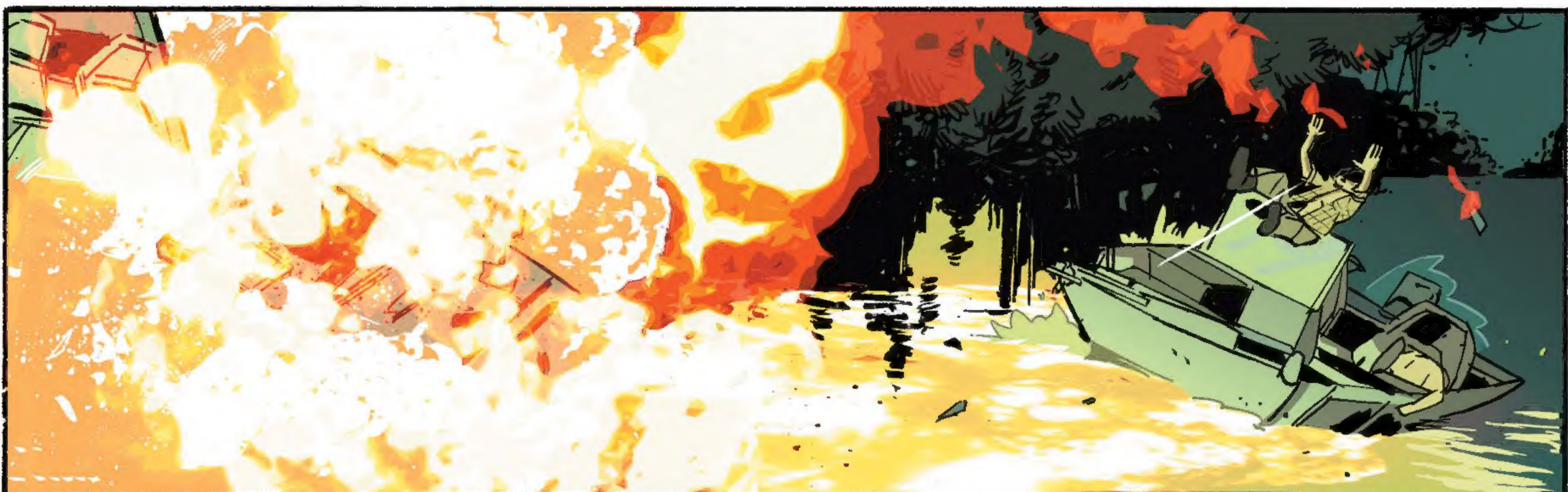
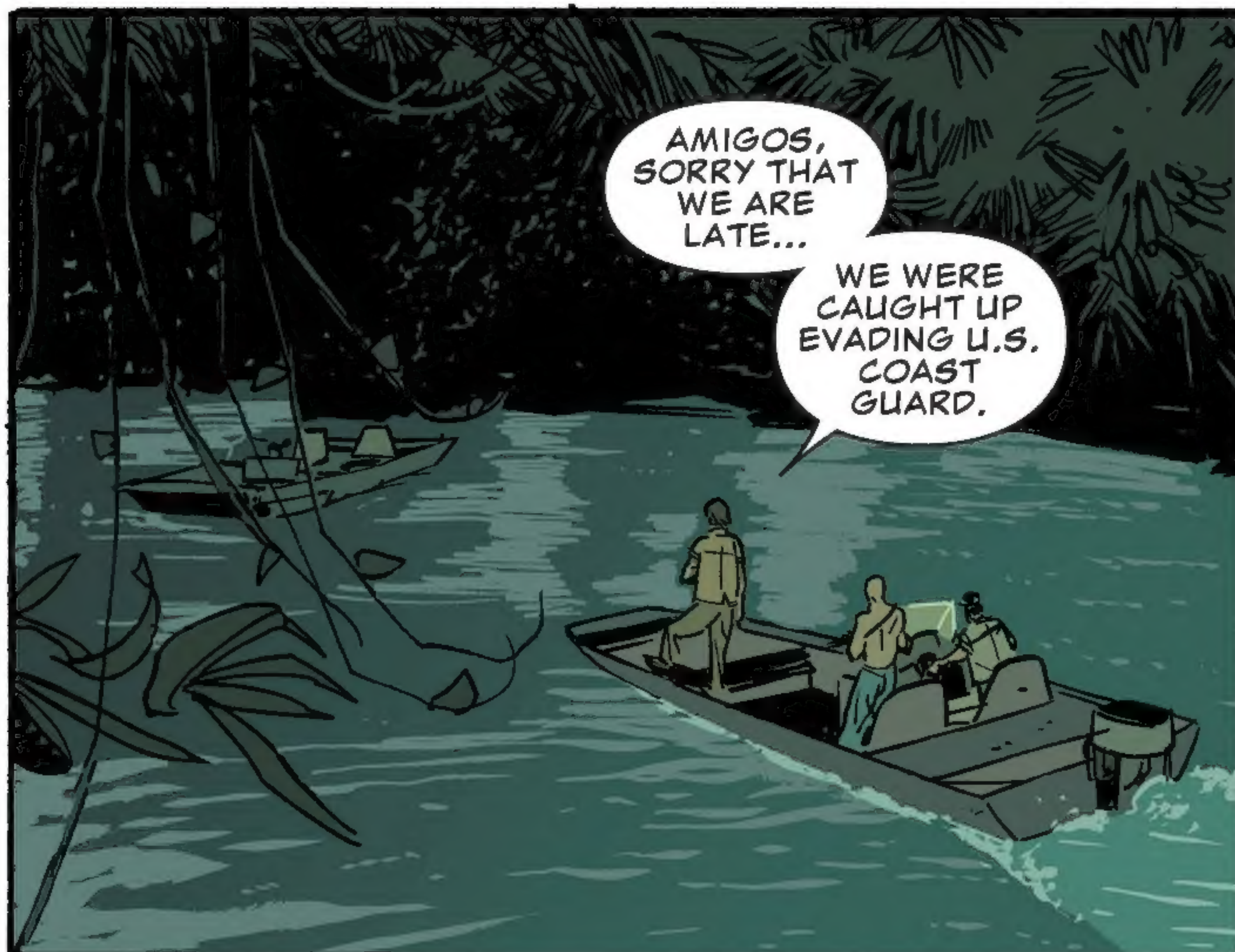
...AND SWIM.
DIRECTION
IS PURPOSE.

I'VE BEEN DROWNING
FOR AS LONG AS I CAN
REMEMBER. MY LUNGS
BURN FOR AIR.

I HAVEN'T FOUND
THE SURFACE YET
BUT I DO KNOW
WHICH WAY IS UP.

MY LUNGS STILL
BURN, BUT WHEN
I'M DISTRACTED,
I HARDLY
NOTICE THE PAIN.

AMIGOS!
¿QUÉ NOCHE
CÁLIDA!





WHAT THE HELL?! THE MONEY! THE MONEY!

THE MONEY IS GONE.



OH MY GOD.

YOU-- YOU--

WHO DO THE DRUGS GO TO?



I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY GO-- WE JUST DROP THEM OFF IN THE WATER--

WHO DO THE DRUGS GO TO?



PLEASE, DON'T--THEY'RE-- THEY'RE GOING TO--

AAAAGGHHH!

DON'T
TOUCH MY
GUN.



MY
HAAAAAAND!

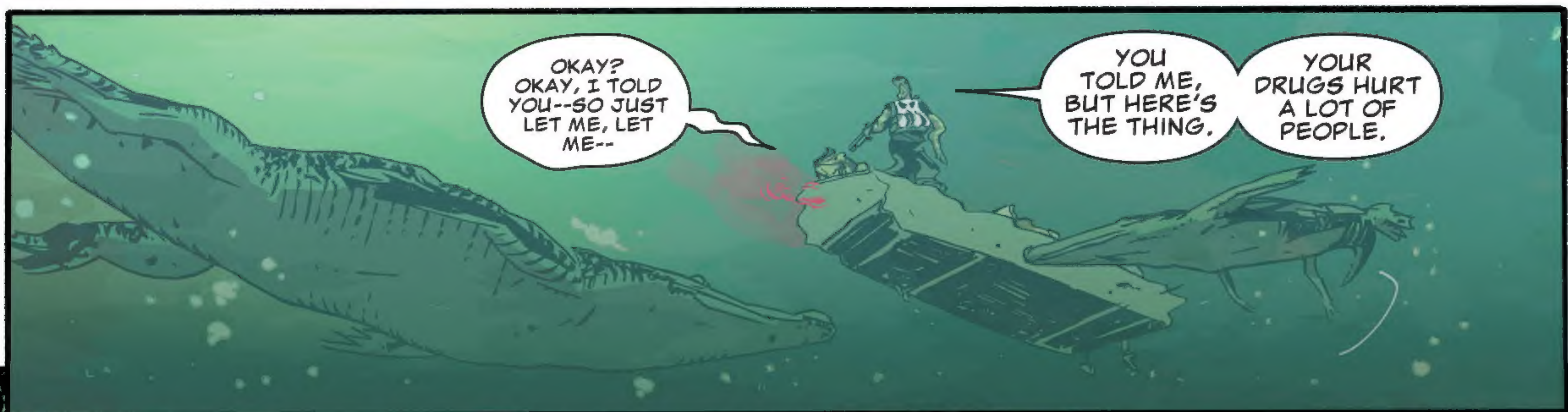
AUUGH!
AAAAUUGHH! MY
HAAAAAND!

THE DRUGS
GO TO LOS
ANGELES. TELL
ME WHO YOU
GIVE THEM
TO.

A NAME.
OR YOU CAN
TRY YOUR LUCK
WITH THE
CROCS.



HECTOR! HECTOR
SUAREZ! HE'S THE
MIDDLEMAN! WE
BRING THEM TO
HECTOR
IN L.A.!



OKAY?
OKAY, I TOLD
YOU--SO JUST
LET ME, LET
ME--

YOU
TOLD ME,
BUT HERE'S
THE THING.

YOUR
DRUGS HURT
A LOT OF
PEOPLE.



AND
I SWAM
WAY TOO FAR
JUST TO
WOUND
YOU.



MEMENTO MORI

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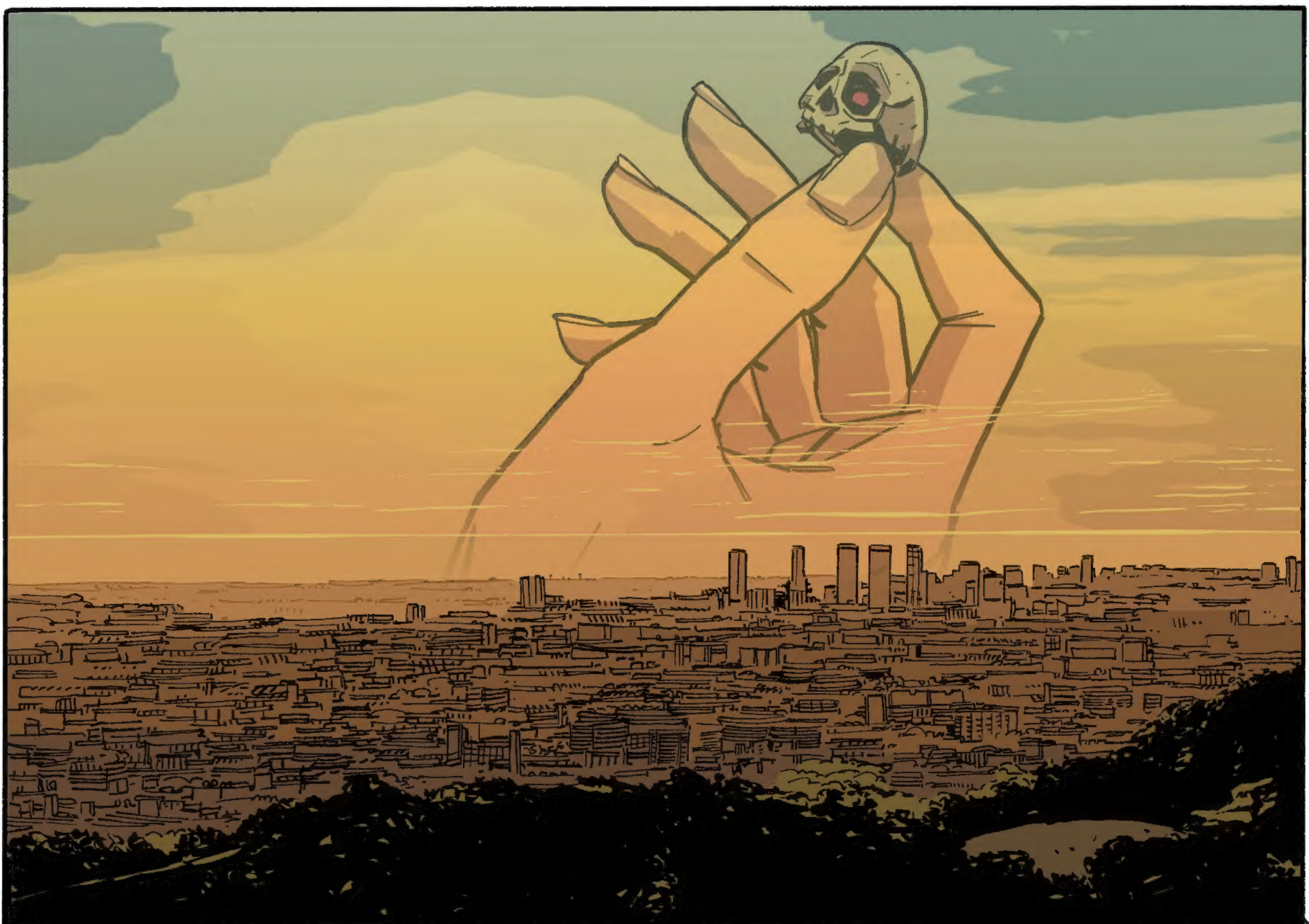
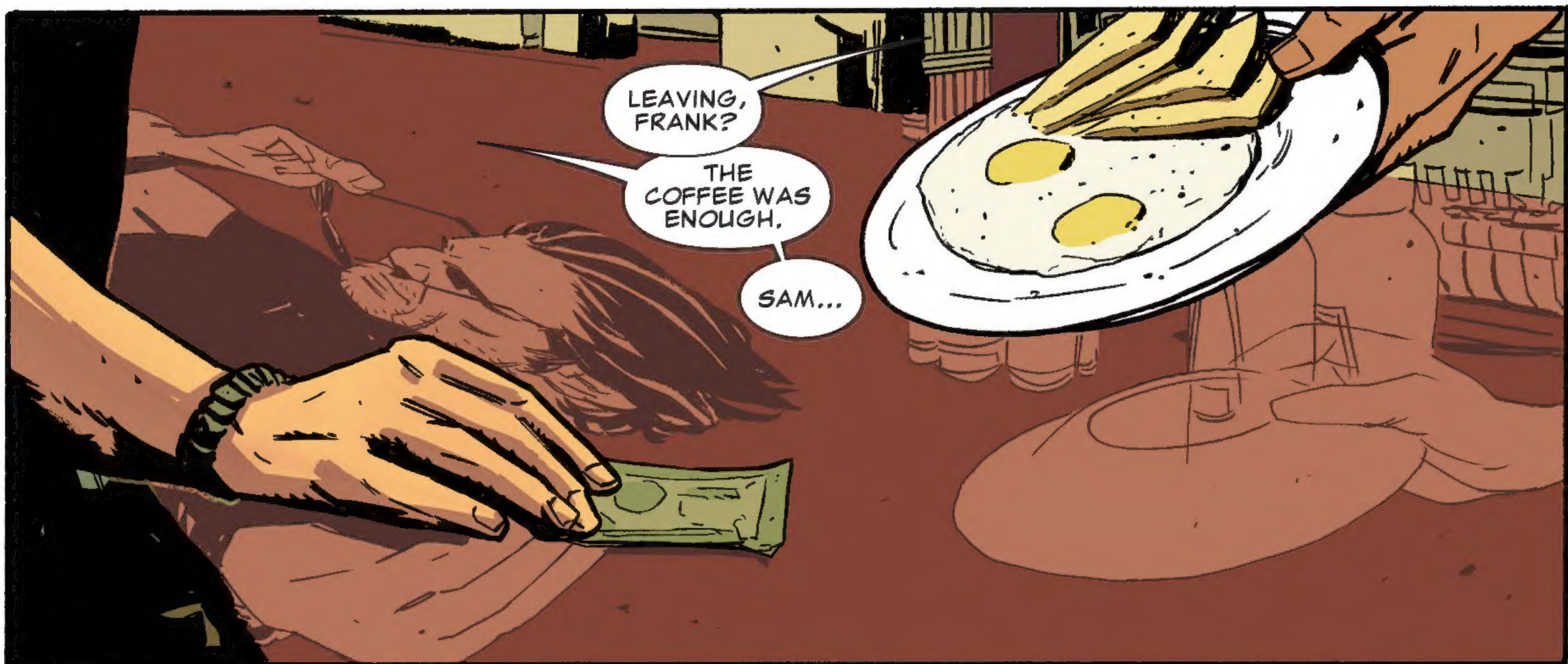
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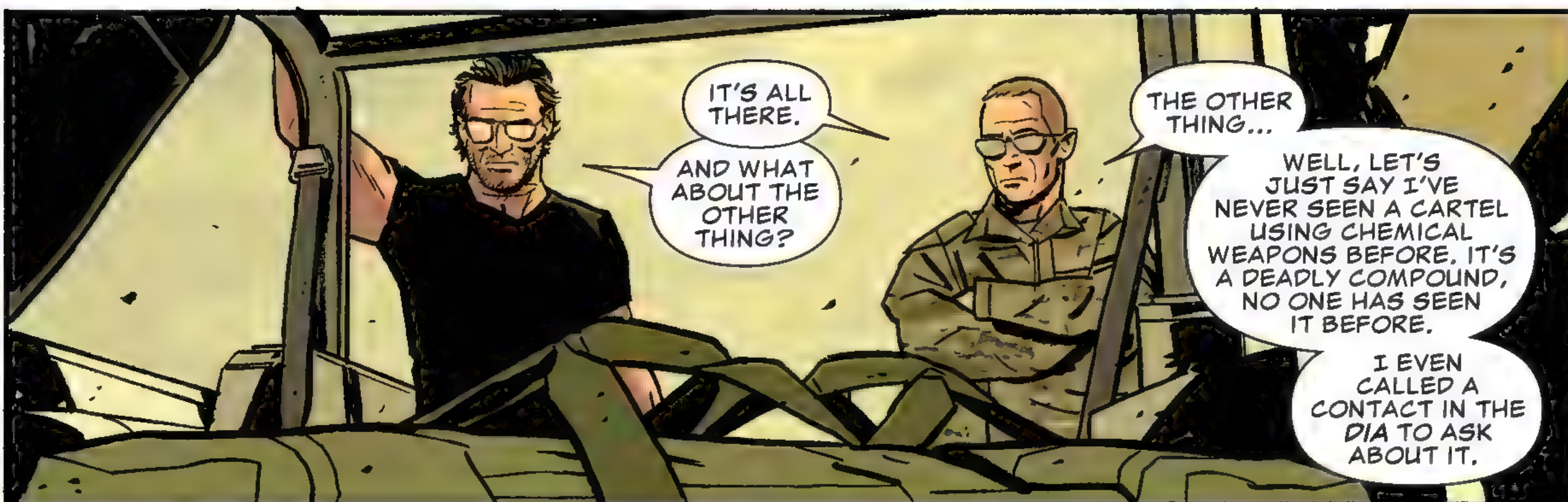
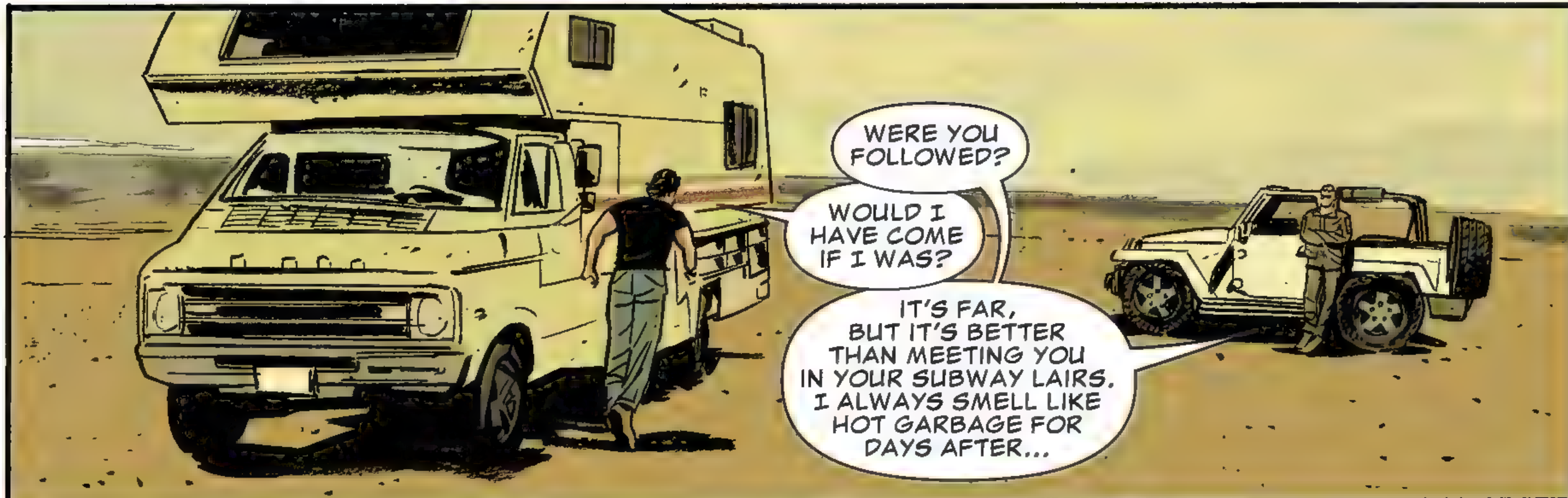
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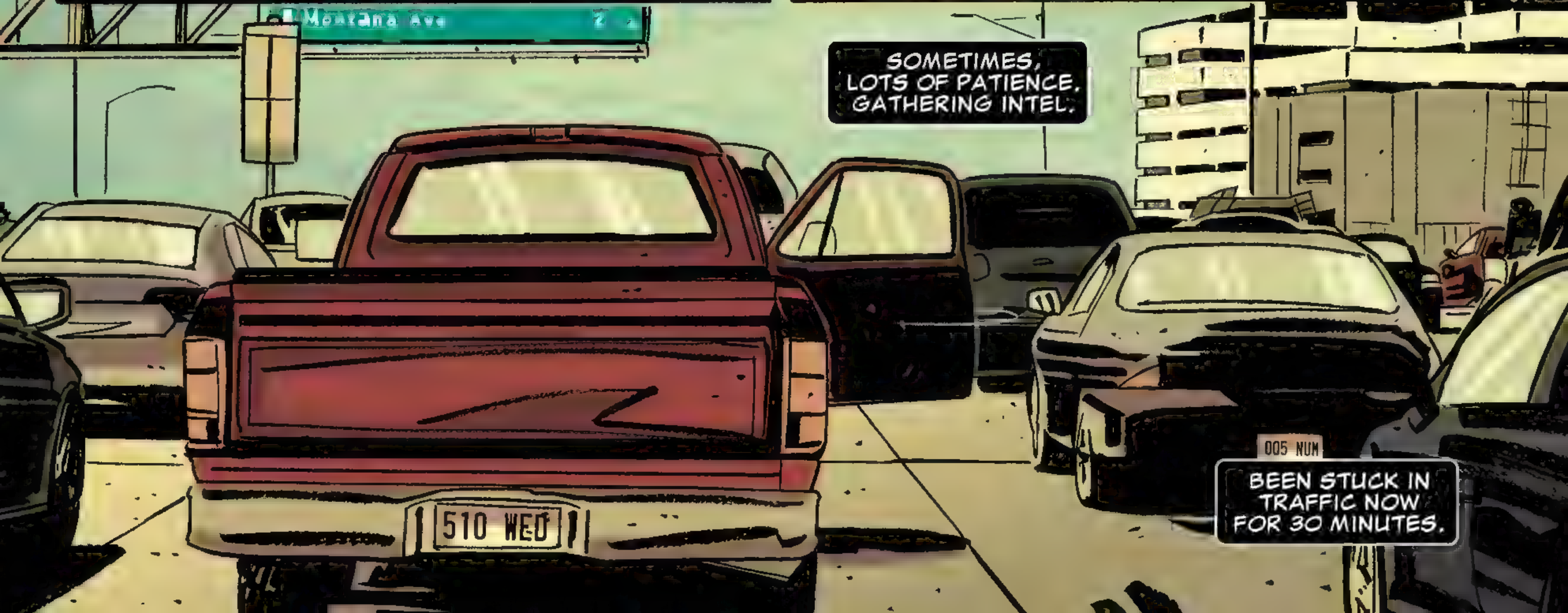
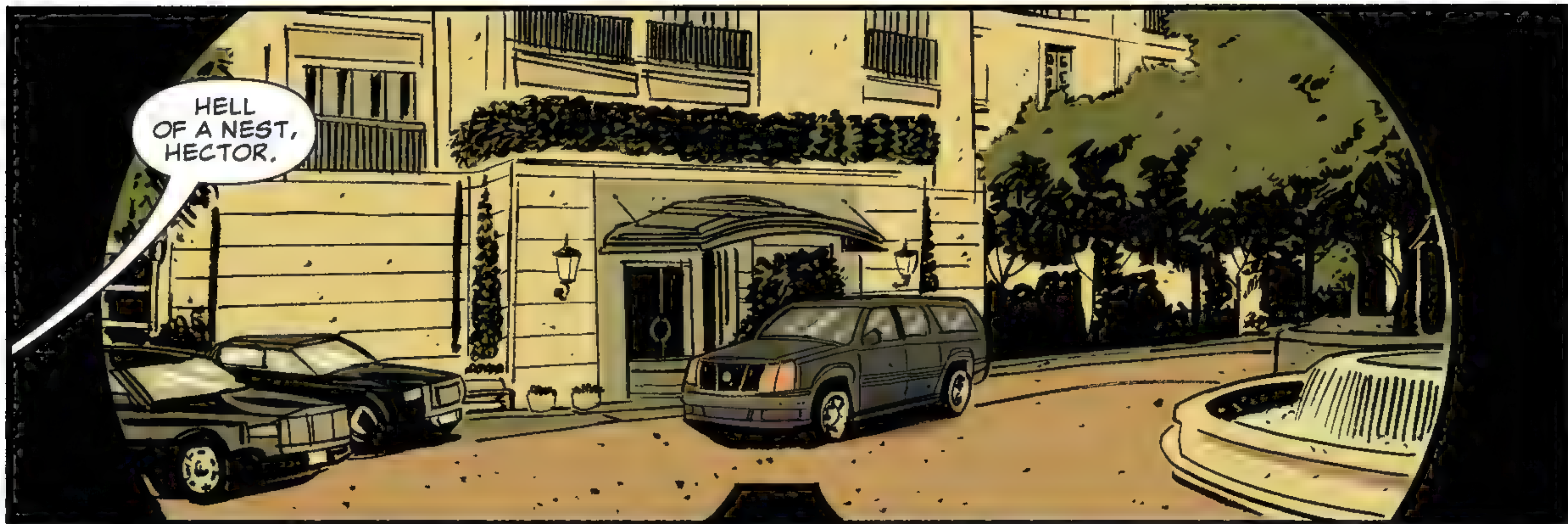


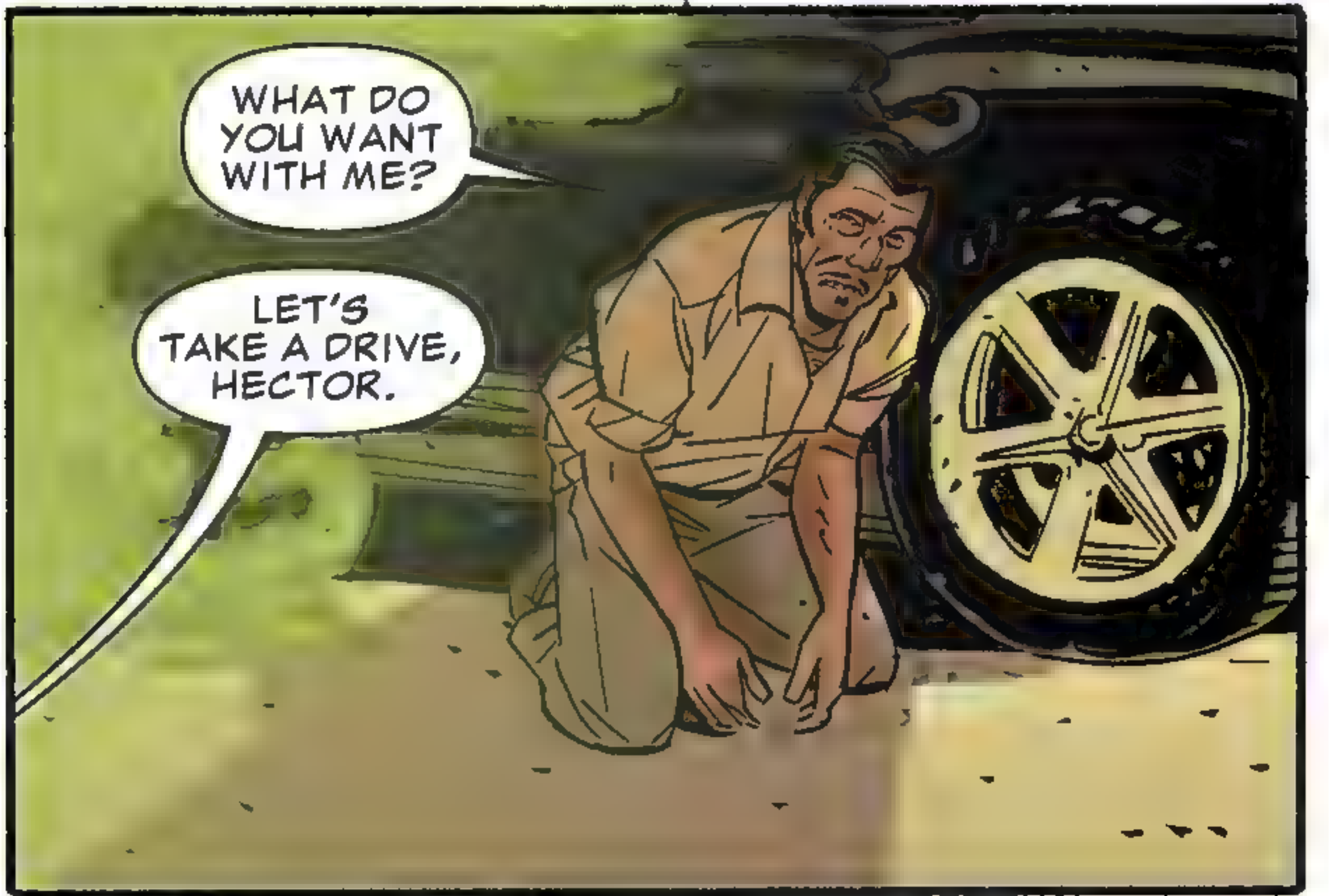
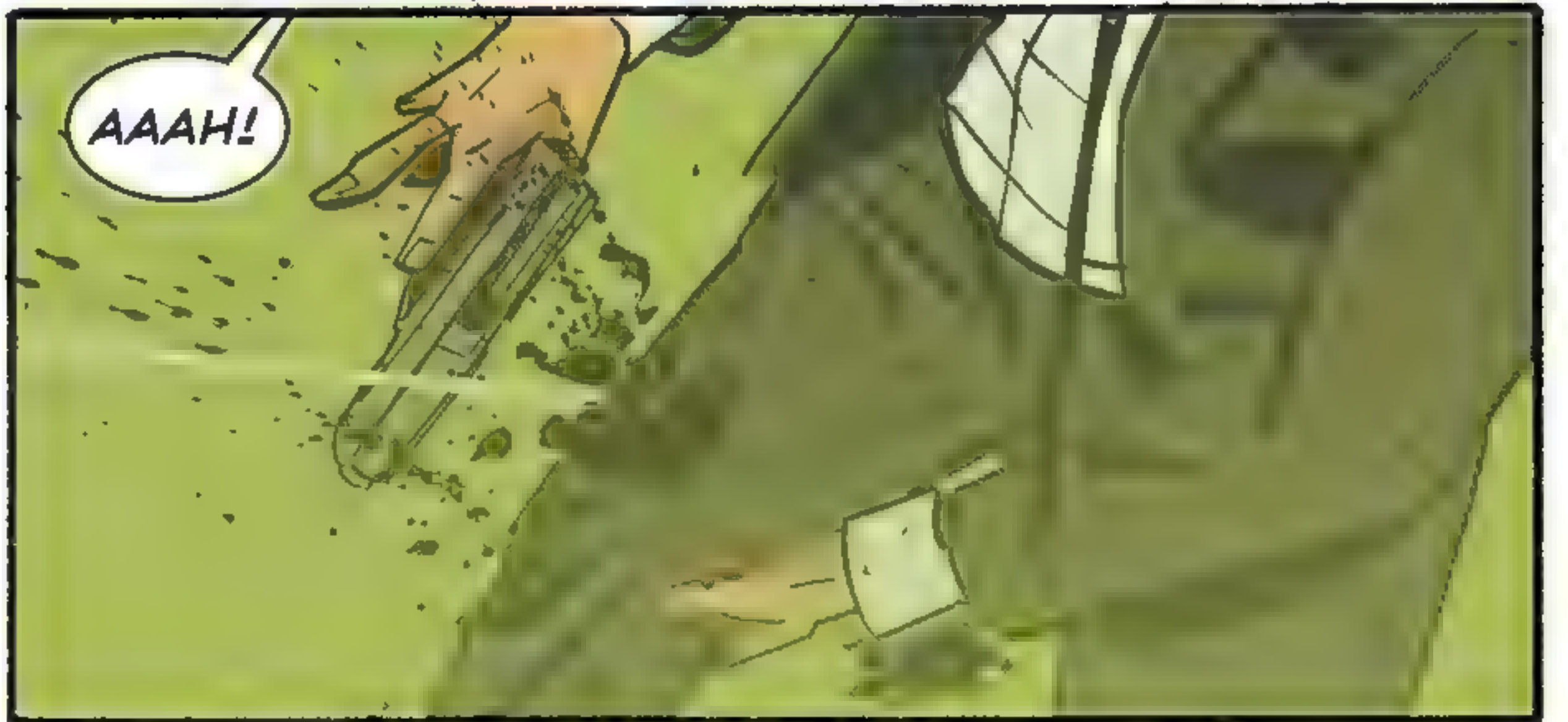
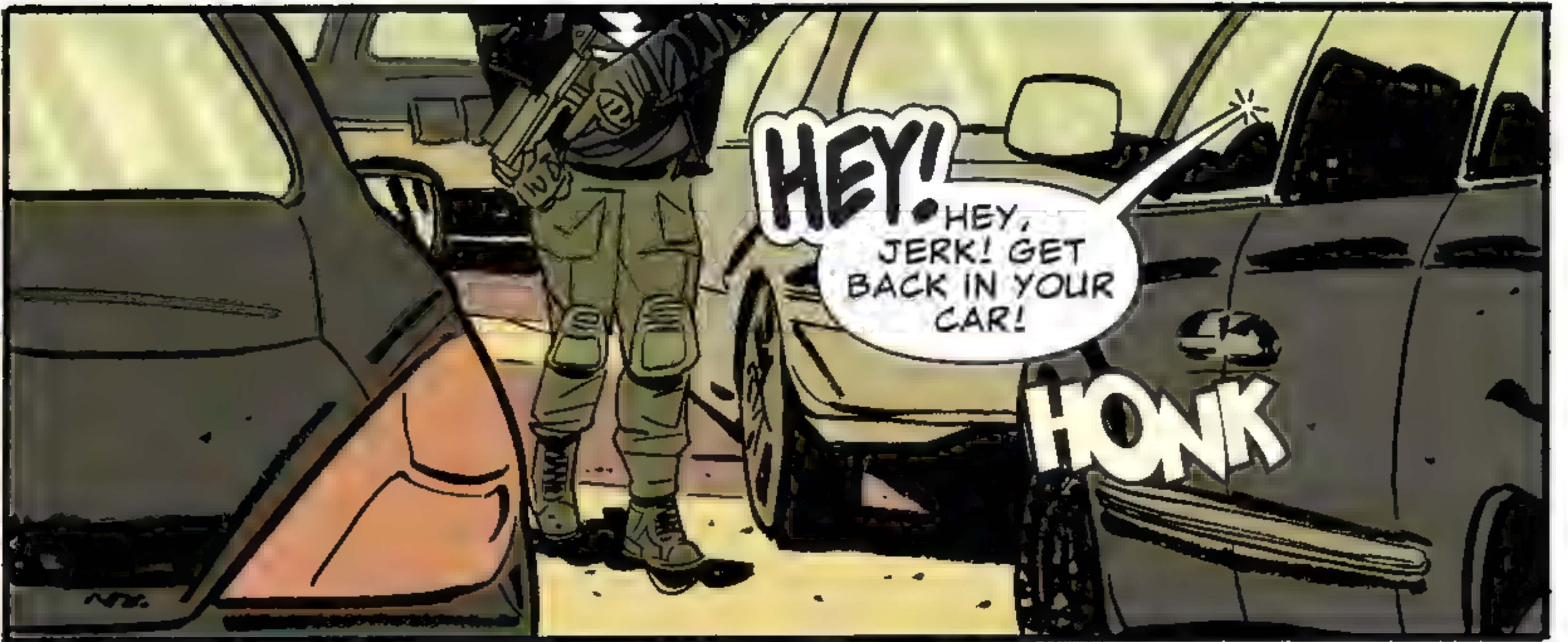


NEAR YUCCA VALLEY.











THIS CAR SUCKS.

I DON'T KEEP THEM VERY LONG.

CLNK



NOW, HECTOR. YOU'RE MOVING LOTS OF DRUGS IN FROM MEXICO AND GETTING PAID LOTS OF MONEY TO DO IT.

BUT I CAN'T FIND ANYONE TALKING ABOUT YOUR PROCESSING.



I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE MONEY. WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHERE ARE THE DRUGS GOING?

WHERE ARE YOU PACKING THEM?

HECTOR?

EVEN IF I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULDN'T--



HSSSSSSSS

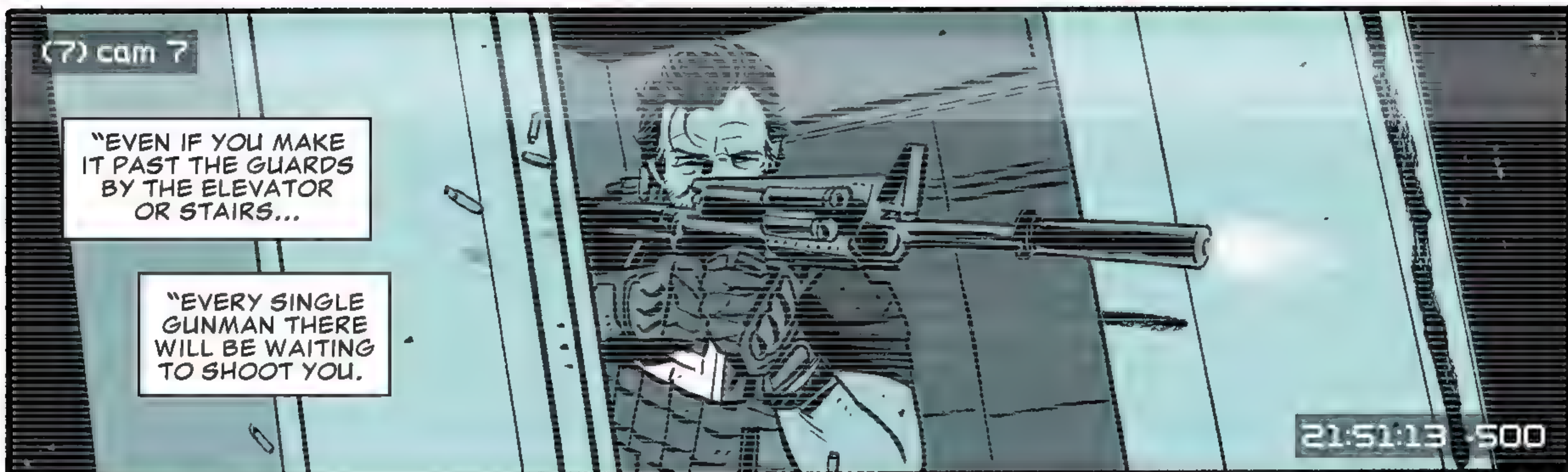
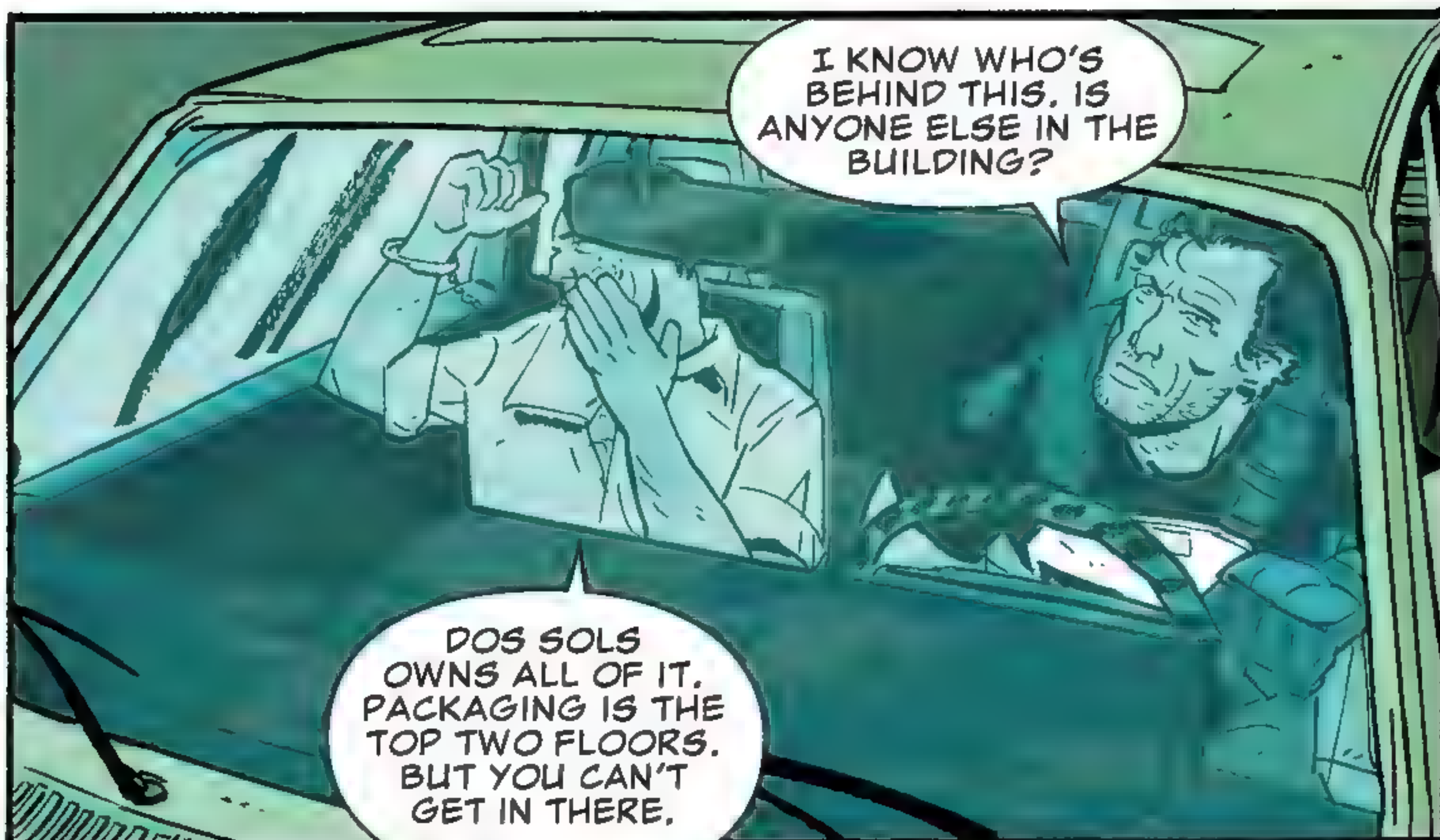
AHHHHH!

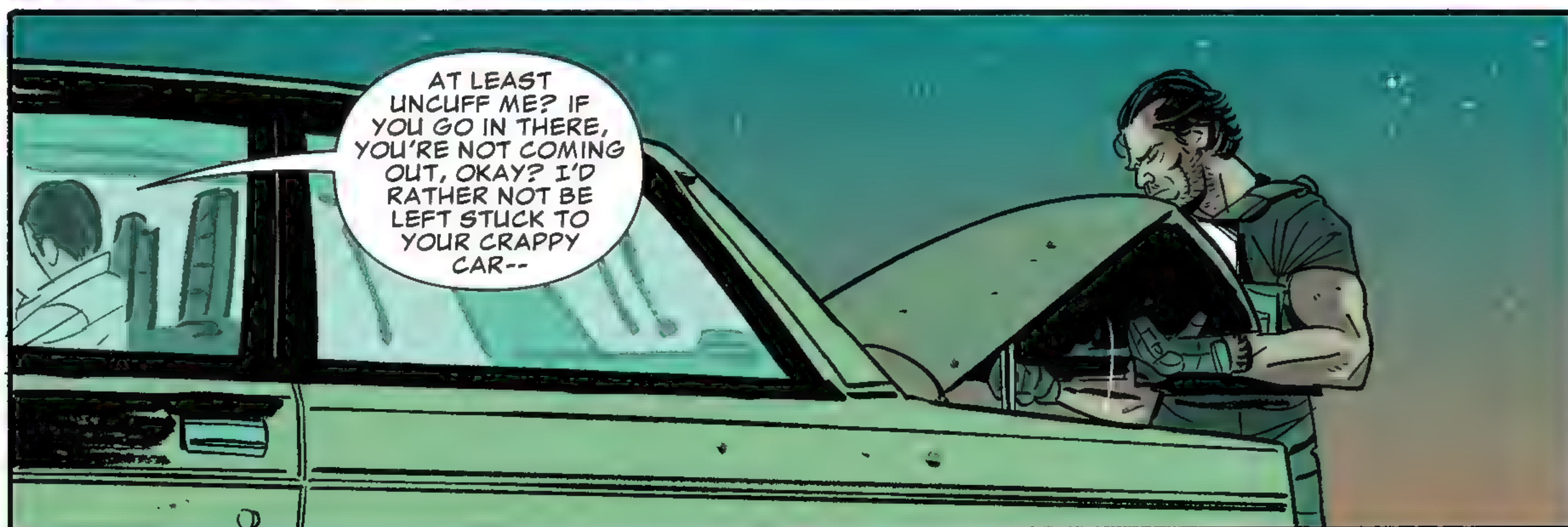
IT WAS A SIMPLE QUESTION, HECTOR!

GIVE ME A SIMPLE ANSWER!

WHERE?

CLICK

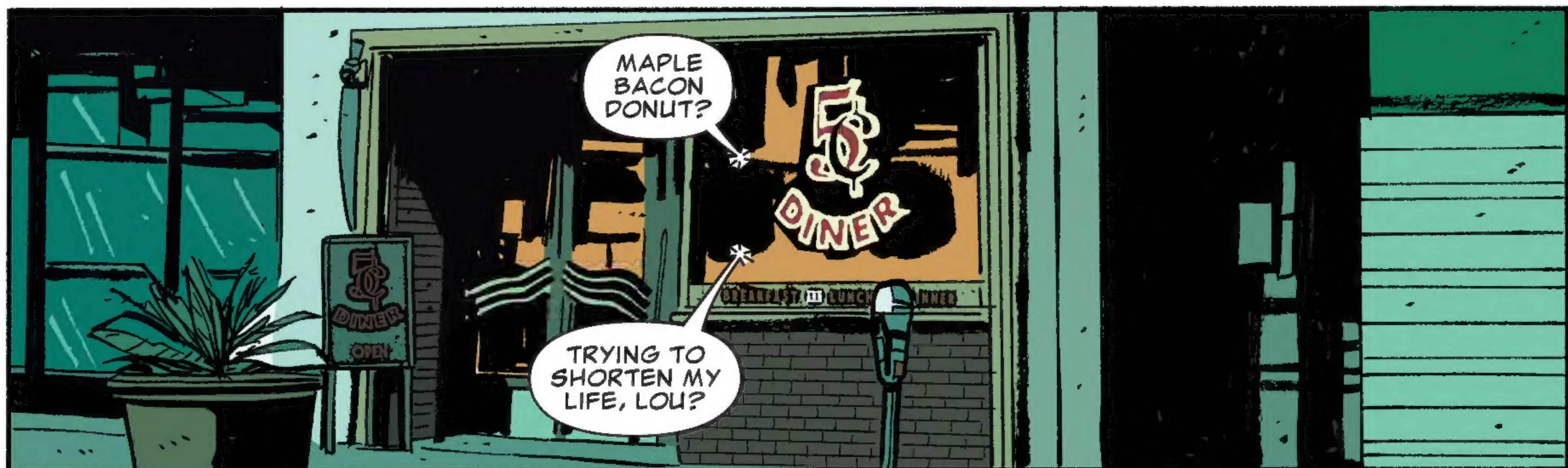


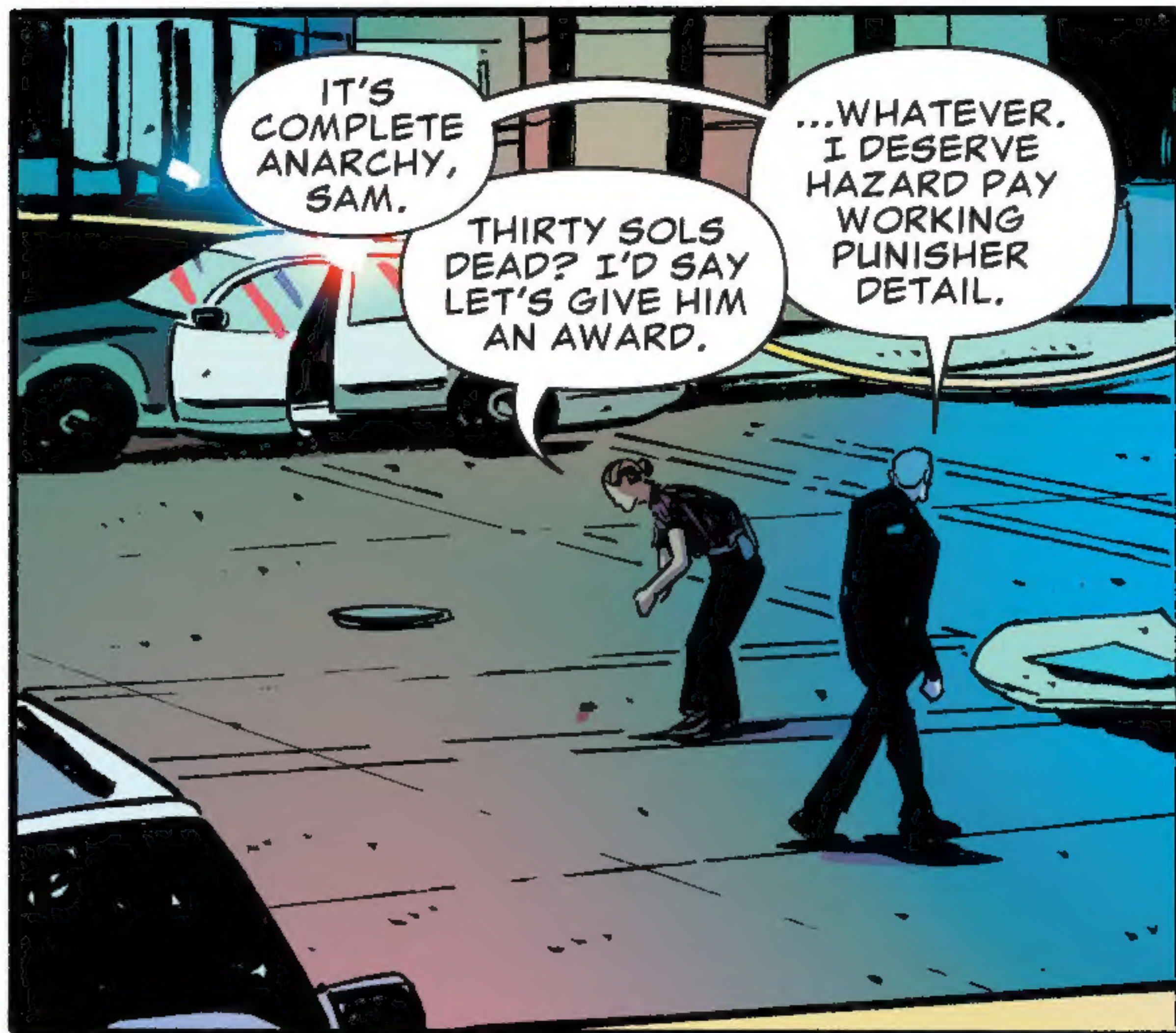




HEY, MAN!
DON'T LEAVE
ME HERE FOR
THE PIGS!

WASN'T
PLANNING ON IT,
HECTOR...
YOU
INSULTED
MY CAR.





"HIS DEATH IS
INEVITABLE.
WE'LL MAKE
SURE OF IT."



TO BE CONTINUED...

THE PUNISHER

WRITING ON THE CASTLE WALLS

Hey Frank Fanatics!

Welcome to our new Punisher book! In the issues to come I'd like to get a letters column up and running here, but since this is issue #1 I figured we'd present some letters from our team! I'll start off, because I'm the editor and I'm mad with power and I do what I want.

When I tell people my favorite Marvel character is The Punisher, it never seems to be the answer they're expecting. With all of the rich, full characters in the Marvel U, why pick one many shrug off as a mindless killing machine? But that's what I love about Frank, everyone underestimates him, both in and out of the comics. He's just one man with a tragic backstory and a lust for killing criminals, what could he possibly do? But this deceptively simple canvas has enormous potential. For a guy some feel is too rigid and simple to be interesting, he's had a varied career: he's been a straight-up villain, a good guy, a madman, a tactical genius, a figurative and literal monster, a soldier, a renegade, a loner and a teammate, he's been heartbroken and cold-hearted, torn people apart and helped put people back together, and none of that seems out of character. Frank Castle is storytelling gold because his "simplicity" allows those who take him on the freedom to tell a wide variety of wildly exciting and surprising adventures. And as a true-blue Punisher fan, let me tell you, I am CRAZY THRILLED for where Nathan and Mitch are taking my favorite wild card in the Marvel U. Get excited, my Castle cabal. The Punisher is back.

-Jake T.

Great letter, Jake! You certainly sound intelligent! And also charming and handsome! Next up, let's hear from artist extraordinaire Mitch Gerads!

Let me be FRANK with you (Get it? GET IT?), The Punisher was not one of my favorite characters for a long time. He was always a little too "one-note" for my discerning tastes. Don't get me wrong, I

thoroughly enjoyed when he would show up to support my Captain Americas or my Amazing Spider-Men, but just in general I never jived with Frank's "shoot-from-the-hip" and "spray and pray" attitudes to the Marvel's underworld. It wasn't until I was afforded the amazing opportunities I've had in the last few years to seriously learn about and meet some of our nation's amazing special operations soldiers. Through working with these men and learning from them I have a whole new super -appreciation for our tip-of-the-spear units. Now I was seeing the amazing untapped potential in this former Marine turned "Marvel U Operator."

Something clicked.

The safety was off.

I wanted my mitts on this character. Now here Nathan and I are, with our mitts firmly on the foregrip and looking down the sights of The PUNISHER. I can't even begin to tell you how excited I am for Marvel fans to see what we're cooking. The name of the game is ALL-NEW NOW! and we're really taking that to heart. In how Frank moves, in setting, in color palette, in gear (or "kit" as the cool guys call it). Lock and load, it's going to be an exciting ride!

-M!

And last but not least, here's our scintillating scribe, Nathan Edmondson!

I accepted the assignment to write THE PUNISHER with enthusiasm.

The opportunity to breathe new life into one of the most recognizable faces in comics? I'm so there.

Then things took a turn for the worse.

When they broke into my house in their black masks with their terrifying holographically enabled guns, I didn't have time to think. I heard them refer to themselves only as "the 131." The black felt was yanked over my eyes and the

next thing I knew, I was in a container in the back of a truck with three of these commandos around me. They wanted to know where Frank Castle was. They wanted to know where I'm getting my information. I tried to explain to them, it's fiction, he's not real, but these claims were met only with the bone-jolting pain of stun batons.

So you, reader, please, I beg of you: help. I've scribbled this on a slip of fast food wrapper and slipped it out of the back of the truck. I don't know where I am—maybe Mexico. I've never been so scared, and this is the craziest thing that's ever happened to me.

But it will make one hell of a story. Thanks for reading!

NHE

Don't worry about Nathan, we're taking very good care of him. Sometimes we even feed him! See you all back here in a mere TWO WEEKS for issue #2!

And remember, send your letters in to MHEROES@MARVEL.COM, and mark them OK TO PRINT! Stay weird!

-Jake T.

